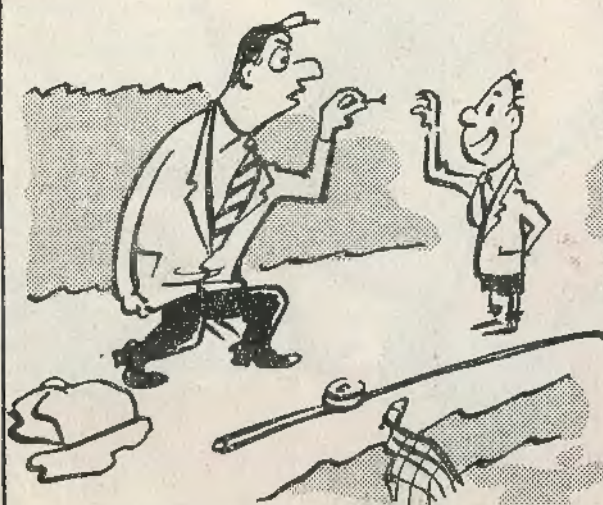


THIS IS IT



NUMBER **22**

6D





Number Twenty-two

Umsies Gumsies and All That

"Daddy," said the small boy, eyeing his rather small lunch critically, "do you have to go out to work every day for what we have to eat?"

"Yes son," replied the father proudly.

"Didn't do much to-day, did you?" the youngster accused.

The football pool enthusiast was bemoaning his hard luck with last week's coupon. "Just one goal beat me for an extra week's wages," he said gloomily to his wife. "The centre-forward had the goal at his mercy in the last minute of the game, but the ball went over the bar."

"Never mind," said the wife, "the extra week's wages would have gone the same way."

In most towns they are insisting on pedestrians using the zebras—this will make some people cross.

Two foreign gents quarrelled and decided to fight a duel. In order to escape the attention of the police who forbade duelling, the two gents took a train out into the country. One of them bought a return ticket whilst the other one only paid single fare.

"Why do you only get a single ticket?" asked the first, "I always buy a return—don't you expect to come back?"

"Oh yes," replied his opponent, "I always buy a single ticket though, you see, on the return journey I use my adversary's ticket."

As the wedding ceremony of an actor and actress began, he offered her his arm to escort her down the aisle.

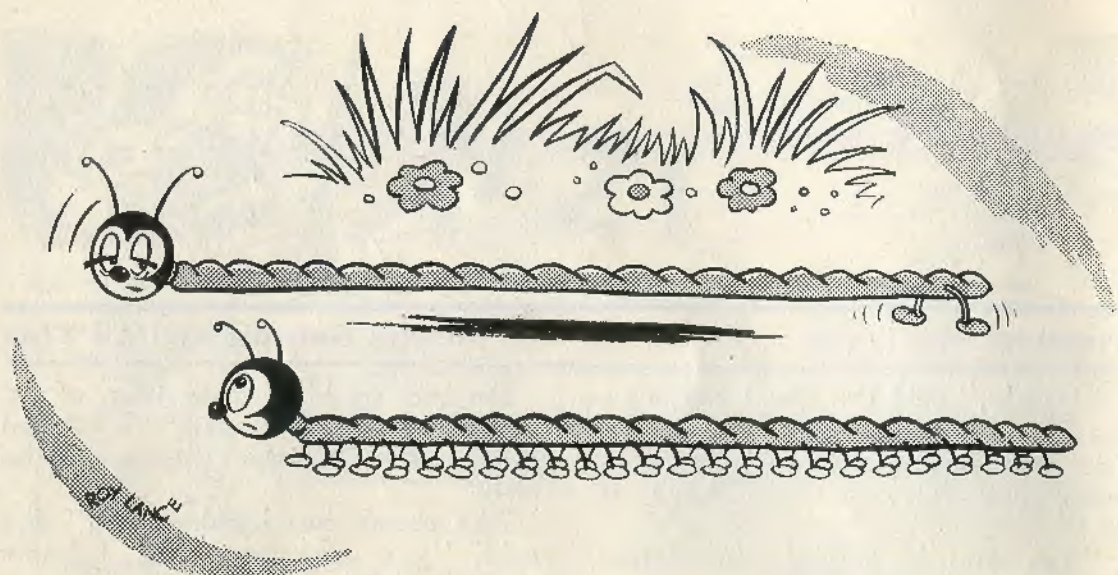
She shook her head. "No," she said, "you take my arm, I know the way better than you do."

"And how are you going to live?" asked the girl's father to his prospective son-in-law.

"Well," replied the young man. "I thought of insuring your life and we can manage on your daughter's allowance in the meantime."



"Yes George, nightshift is an awful nuisance—and very lonely for me too,—goodnight!"



"Boy, am I tired!—Right on my last legs!"

A man was always coming home drunk, so his two brothers-in-law thought of a way to cure him by giving him a fright. They decided to hide in a newly-dug grave in the cemetery near the roadside along which the drunkard usually came after closing time.

As he came along, singing and shouting, the two brothers-in-law immediately started moaning and crying out: "O-oo-h I'm c-oo-ld-dd." They redoubled their cries as he drew near.

The drunkard, hearing the cries and moans, stopped singing, climbed into the cemetery, and seeing the open grave from which the noise came, immediately began filling in the grave, saying: "Why it's no wonder you're cold—you've not been properly heaped up."

The young girl was looking very downhearted and her friend asked her what was the matter.

"It's that Tommy Smith down our street, he keeps telling me that I'm stupid and silly," said the girl.

"Don't you take any notice of Tommy Smith," replied the girl's friend, "he's no room to talk, he's no ideas of his own, he just goes around repeating what everyone else is saying."

Jock's wife came running into the house in great distress. "Oh, dear," she cried, "a cow has strayed into the garden."

"Then don't just stand there," shouted Jock, "hurry out again and milk it before it gets away."

*Some people like watercress
Of which I could not care less
But the cress I like best
Is the one tried by Tess.
Oh boy, water caress!*

The alarm went off at 5 a.m. The man got up, washed, shaved, dressed and had a quick breakfast. He rushed out of the house and caught the first bus going towards town. On arriving in town he got a taxi to the railway station where he boarded a train. After changing at four different railway stations he arrived in a lonely country village around noon. There he boarded a local 'bus, only to descend about ten minutes later at some cross-roads. After walking for a good half hour he arrived at a small cottage where he knocked lightly on the door. A young blonde came to the door and smiled happily. "Oh hello, Susie," said the man, "I just happened to be passing and thought I'd drop in for a moment."

May I Have this Waltz?

By GEORGE CHATTERTON

I SIDLED UP TO THE fat gink with the hard hat elbowing the counter of the snack wagon postered "Joe's Joint," and sidemouthed: "Stake me to a bite and a cuppa cawfee, mister."

A quarter shot over the counter and the red nose turned on me. "Out of a job, kid?" came down the wet, half-chewed cheroot.

"Ain't everybuddy?" grunted I. "Know of anythin'?"

"Kin you fight?" asked Hard Hat, eyeing the spread of my shoulders, and figuring me to be no regular bum. I guessed the guy was a small-time fightmaker.

"I kin try," I brought off, making a grab for the steaming cup skidding towards me. "Why?"

A bill-fold flapped open and five tens were wagging under my nose. "They're yours, kid. If you'll step along to the Slugdrome with me and belt out eight rounds with some hepped-up palooka!"

"For fifty bucks I'd fight King Kong!" I said.

The Slugdrome, one tough and low joint, was packed to the doors with watery-eyed, cigar-chewing gamblers, low-lifers, and mobsters, and I didn't recall seeing so many ugly mugs at any one time in my life before. There was hooting, stamping, and yelling going on as I tussled my way to the dressing-rooms and slanted out of the corner of one eye two flat-beaked tankers mauling each other around a smoke-clouded ring.

In the dressing room I pulled off my duds and scrambled in a soggy bundle on a table for a pair of knicks. I got a dark red pair with one leg almost torn out. I tugged these on, draped a sweaty towel over my shoulders, and tottered out to the slaughter-house.

Sitting there in my corner I



*"I don't care if they are your pets—
they embarrass me!"*

glanced about me at the spectators and wondered how many of them could hear my knees knocking. I was scared skinny! This was no fun for a guy who'd gone for days with an empty belly! Still, the fat guy had said if I could make for four rounds only he'd give me 25 of those dollars. Wonder what he'd give me if I only stood up for two rounds? 10 bucks mebbe?

It was just then that I spotted Hairy Joe on the other side of the ring, and figured out a battleship tattooed under the doormat on his chest. I gulped. This was gonna be murder!

A stringy guy in white shirt and pants was bawling his close-cropped nut off, and after waving a hand at each of us, and announcing me as "Slugger O'Reilly, the East Side Terror," he called us together for the instructions.

I heard him gabbling, heard the crowd shuffling, heard more hooting and catcalling, and then Longlegs was shoving us back to our corners.



"Come out fighting!" he yelled. I stumbled to my corner with some great idea of jumping through the ropes, beating it up the gangway, and leaving the Slugdrome ten blocks behind!

Clang! The bell, and Hairy Joe was trundling towards me, doormat, battleship and all! This guy was a nightmare, and any freak show would have welcomed him with open arms! Still, there *was* a chance. If I could work into a clinch with the ape and tell him I was no fighter and was only there for the dough, he *might* show a heart and waltz out a round or two with me.

I saw two blobs of black leather reaching out from the hair and for the first time saw that the guy had arms! I circled warily, expecting dynamite to explode in my chin bristles at any time. Of a sudden I ducked in and buried myself amongst the fuzz, my chin finding a shoulder, snuggling on it, my

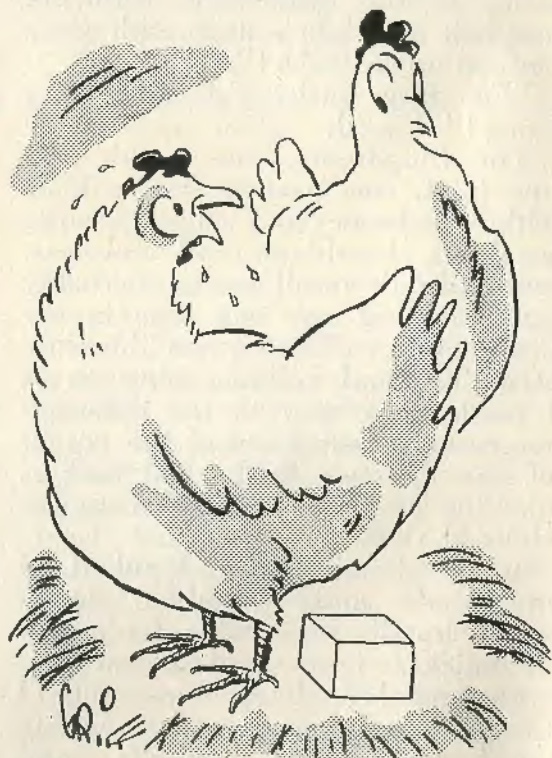
arms trying to find a way about the guy.

Hairy Joe snapped at the knees, twisted, and straightened up again, and my elbows were viced to my sides before you could say "Ten!" Like a weak kitten in that bear-hug I was rassled around on toe-point, gasping for breath. The tables were turnd and it was *me* who was in the clinch!

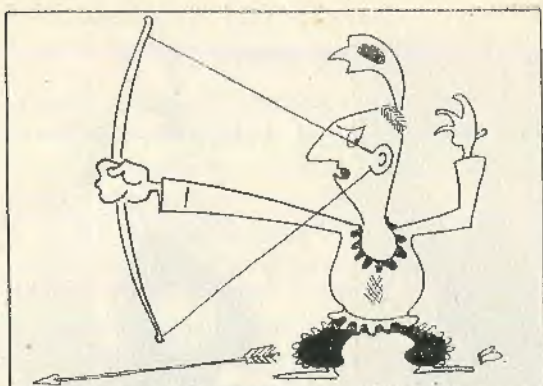
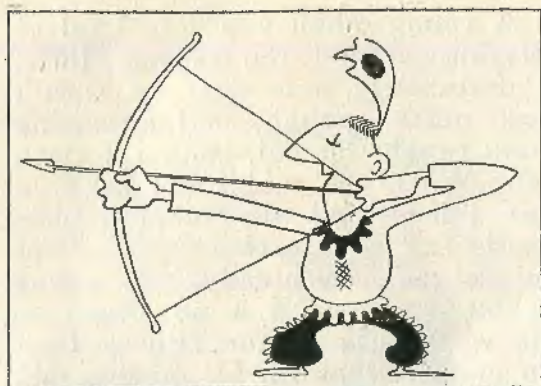
What gave now? I didn't know much about boxing, but had heard that some of the dirty fighters clinch a fellow just to hiss insults into his ear and tell him about all the nasty things he's got coming to him. I guessed maybe this was what Hairy Joe was leading up to now. Yep, he was talking all right. And I was listening.

"Gee, mister. Take it easy wid me, won't ya? I'm broke an' hungry! A guy's slippin' me fifty bucks if I kin go eight rounds wid yah!"

I sure was listening! Like a guy in a dream!



"YOU lay one that shape and see if YOU don't squawk!"



It was just on closing time when a man walked into a Fish Restaurant and asked the waitress who was just clearing up if he might have a fish supper. She remarked, "You are only just in time," and gave him a plate of fish and potatoes. He took them to a corner table and proceeded to consume the meal, but to the annoyance of the waitress he was somewhat engrossed in the evening paper. In an effort to hurry the customer, the waitress bustled about placing the chairs on the tables ready for closing. Finally she could stand it no longer, and hurrying across to his table said, "I do wish you would hurry as I am waiting to close the restaurant."

Whereupon the customer replied, "You can't do this to me Miss, I haven't yet eaten my fish"—to which the waitress retorted, "Perhaps you haven't but **YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHIPS — Goodnight Sir!**"

Meeting with little success at whist drives I decided to become a car dealer—gosh were my arms tired!

The secretary at a mail order business was feverishly struggling through the morning's post when she suddenly muttered to the boss, "I wish some of these people would use the 'phone for a change and make my job a little easier," to which the boss replied—"Patience Miss — the customers always **WRITE.**"

A vast crowd had assembled in the forecourt of a new block of flats to watch the opening ceremony just about to be performed by the Mayor.

As the eyes of the Mayor wandered up the front of the new building a worried expression came over his face and turning to the architect at his side he remarked, "Surely the building should be seven floors high—I can count only six rows of windows."

This certainly startled the architect who feverishly unrolled the plans and examined them. He then turned sadly to the Mayor and said, "You are quite right, your Honour, I remember now, the Clerk of Works ran short of materials at the third floor and it looks as though he carried on without waiting for them."

The Mayor's cheeks inflated as he slowly closed his eyes and dragging the microphone towards him he said to the crowd—"I'm afraid the opening ceremony must be postponed as a certain alteration has to be made—and that, my dear friends, is another **STOREY!**"

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A young rabbit was very fond of playing around the railway lines. Unfortunately, one day, he wasn't just quick enough, and a passing train caught his tail, cutting it clean off. When the rabbit got back to his burrow all the other rabbits made fun of him because he was minus tail. Eventually, the young rabbit could stand it no longer so he went back to the railway lines in order to look for his missing tail. An express came thundering by and knocked off his head, killing him instantly. Moral—Never lose your head over a bit of fluff.

The prisoner when entering the dock was heard to mutter—"These things are sent to try us."

The city guide was showing a party of visitors around the town. After showing them several places of interest, the party came along to the local Asylum.

"This," said the guide, "is the City Asylum."

Hearing a terrific noise coming from behind the surrounding wall the guide looked over and saw one of the inmates banging on the wall with a sledge hammer.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the guide.

"Shh!" replied the inmate in a whisper "I'm trying to get out."

"But there is a gate along there," exclaimed the guide.

"I know," whispered the inmate, "but it squeaks."

Everything Adam said was original.

Did you know that Jock's wife should have had her tonsils removed when she was a little girl? She finally had them out at the age of thirty-five and Jock sent the bill to his father-in-law.



"Oh, don't be prudish, Henry; after all it keeps them off the streets."

Stand-in for Jane

By JAMES KELLY

BILL EVADED JANE'S scarlet lips, proffered for the salutation which was customary on his arrival home from the office.

"Anything wrong?" asked Jane, running her fingers through her long, golden hair.

Bill nodded grimly.

"There's a lot of gossip going the rounds about you and some of the chaps from the village. Apparently, you've been seen all over Brampton with one or other of them."

"Brampton?" Jane said cautiously. "I wonder if that could be Margie?"

"Who the devil's Margie?"

"Why, darling, haven't I mentioned Margie before?"

"You haven't, dear," replied Bill.

"Margie's my cousin. We're so much alike that everyone takes us for twins and she lives over at Brampton."

"Isn't it a coincidence that she should be seen with men from our village?" said Bill, suspiciously.

"Are you sure it's Margie?"

"Bill!" exclaimed Jane, hurtfully, "it must be. She's my double in every way. Besides, I can prove that I've never been in Brampton. Did they mention any particular dates?"

"Yes! Last Friday you were seen out with Jones."

"Last Friday I stayed at home with a cold. Remember?"

"That's right!" said Bill slowly. "And a week last Tuesday you were seen in the 'Rose and Crown' with Colonel Battersby."

Jane smiled, craftily.

"I had a cold that day, too. Remember?"

"So you did!" A note of relief entered Bill's voice and Jane beamed triumphantly. "You could hardly speak that night. It's queer how your voice goes hoarse every time you get a slight cold, and yet your affections deepen. Remember



"You always were slow on the draw, Luke!"

A sorrowful, greying man was walking very badly down the street when he met an old friend.

"Hello Fred," said the friend. "What's the matter, have you got corns or something?"

"Oh no," replied Fred sadly.

"You see, I am wearing a pair of size seven shoes and I really take a size ten."

"Well, that's a daft thing to do. isn't it?" asked the friend.

"It all depends on how you look at it," Fred replied slowly, "you see, I've no wife and children and now that I'm old, the only bit of comfort I get is when I get home and take my shoes off."

*Bolted breakfast—ran for train,
Lurking suspicion—forgotten again.
Red in face—confused in thoughts,
Remembered brief-case — forgotten
brief shorts.*

On visiting her sick boy friend in hospital, the girl discovered that he was about to be operated upon and exclaimed loudly—"Oh is he? Well nobody's going to open my male if I can help it!"



"—and the sooner we get a flippin' house with a proper bathroom, the better!"

that night you lost your voice completely? I never loved you so much as I did that night."

Jane's smile died away and she began to frown angrily.

"Let me see," Bill went on, "that would be three weeks last Saturday. Funny! That was the day on which you were seen on Brampton Lake with Old Purdy."

He eyed Jane curiously.

"You were strange that night, and yet so alluring. It was a warm evening. Remember?"

"No! I don't!" snapped Jane.

"As the evening became warmer you were soft and yielding in my arms. Remember?"

"I remember no such thing!" Jane replied, narrowing her green eyes.

"Don't you, darling? I brought you a bottle of gin. You said it was good for your throat, and after you tucked half the bottle away, you put the remainder behind some old medicine bottles in the kitchen cabinet for another time."

Jane rushed into the kitchen and returned some seconds later. "I can't find it," she gasped.

"No, darling," replied Bill. "Because I suddenly remembered you put it in the sideboard not the

(continued on page 11)

kitchen cabinet."

He held the bottle in his hands.
"Or did Margie put it there?
You know, dear, it's a pity that
nature didn't go the whole way and
endow you two with identical
voices."

He chuckled.

"Poor Margie! She's going to
miss her gin. And, in a way, I'm
going to miss her too!"

An old gent stopped a village
lad and enquired—"C-c-can y-you
t-t-tell m-m-me where B-Brown's
sh-sh-shop is?, m-my l-l-lad?"

The youngster looked up warily
at the old man's face and kept
silent.

The old gentleman then repeated
his question in the same afflicted
manner and produced a shilling but
still the lad was silent and started
to back away. The gentleman, an-
noyed at being thus ignored, started
shouting and the lad fled.

Across the road came an older
boy who had witnessed the scene
and directed the old man to Brown's
shop. Some time later the two boys
met in the street and the older one
demanded — "Why didn't you
answer that old man?"

The younger one replied—"What
d-d-do y-y-you th-think I am, d-do
y-y-you th-think I w-w-wanted a
g-g-good hiding?"

*Her tastes are more refined than
mine.*

*My sense of beauty's deader.
She goes to look at Cheddar Gorge,
I gorge myself on Cheddar.*

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thorne Road, Burnley, Lancs.



"Would you like to try it with our
Miss Whitlock on your knee, sir?"

BOTTLE BABY.

A saucy Cherie from Parie
Liked nothing so much as a spree,
And no girl was quicker
At necking hard licker
Or even a pale, dry Sherie.

One day the police made a raid
on a gambling club, and taking the
names of the men they caught, told
them that they would have to ap-
pear at court the next morning—
which they did.

After the magistrate had gone
over a few of the accused's names,
his Worship said to one who had
come rather late:

"What's your name?"

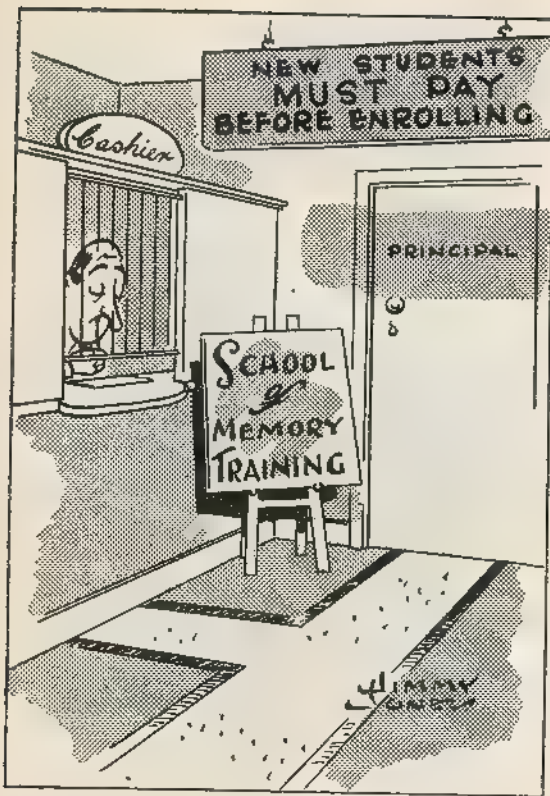
"John Brown, sir."

"What are you by trade?"

"A locksmith, sir."

"What were you doing when the
police made this raid?"

"I was just making a bolt for the
door."



She—"I love you! I love you! Take me in your arms! Hold me to your heart I am yours."

He—"Er - er -"

She—"The fire of love consumes me; I am yearning to feel your strong arms about me! Take me! Do as you will! I am yours!"

He (growing restless)—"Er - er."

She—"I am burning with love! Take me! I can stand my passion no longer. I am yours, I say, I am yours!"

He (asserting himself)—"Ah say lass, would—would tha mind if Ah kissed thee?"

He was only a carpenter's mate but he had his nails at his finger tips!

"Miss Green, may I help you to some more pudding?"

"Well, thanks," replied the young woman, "I'll take a little more, but only a mouthful, please."

"Bella," yelled the hostess to the parlour maid, "fill Miss Green's plate."

All down one street the book traveller went without making a sale. He decided to try a new approach. At the next house, a grumpy woman answered his knock. "Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" he asked politely.

"No!" snapped the woman.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Walter Scott?" continued the traveller, hope dawning in his eyes.

"No, we ain't," said the woman, sharply. "And what's more, we don't take in lodgers. Try next door; they do."

"Are these sheets quite clean?" asked the tourist as he surveyed the bed.

"Clean!" cried the landlady indignantly, "of course they're clean. They've just come back from the laundry, feel them—they're still damp!"



"Well, it's every Saturday tea time alike—football, football, football! Now you've got one for tea!"

Employer (furiously): "Why the dickens hasn't this job been done? It's nearly a month since I told you to do it."

Office Boy—"I'm sorry sir, but I forgot."

Employer: "You mean to stand there and tell me you forgot—that's terrible—just suppose I forgot to pay you your wage, what would you say?"

Office Boy—"I should come and tell you straight away, not wait a month and then kick up a bloomin' fuss about it."

*There are two sorts of women.
'A good for something—and a good for nothing.'*

"How did you stop your husband from staying out late at nights?"

"Well, when he came in last week, I called out—'Is that you Jack?'"

"I can't possibly see how that could help."

"Oh, can't you?—you see my husband's name is 'BILL'."

A certain corn merchant was called away for the day, but his wife was very eager to be helpful and offered to carry out the sale of a bushel of bran which a customer required.

Going along to the bin she proceeded to measure out the bran. After pouring in two peck measures, she was about to tie up the sack when the customer interrupted—"But four pecks make a bushel. Ma'am."

"Oh, do they?" replied wifey, "You see, I've never had any experience before at measuring out bran, before I was married I used to be a school teacher."

Ynott.



*"Crikey, the wife's gone for good
—bet she's left nothing to eat."*

Travelling through Alabama, a coffee salesman was waiting for a train when he observed a lazy looking negro idling on a seat nearby.

"Ever drink coffee?" asked the salesman with an eye to stirring up interest in his line.

The Negro admitted that he drank lots of coffee. Forty cups a day.

"Forty cups a day! Don't you find that it keeps you awake?" asked the salesman.

"Well, it certainly helps!" answered the negro as he stifled a yawn.

"Did you say your wife was tired after the party last night?"

"She certainly was, she could hardly keep her mouth open."

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Mother-in-Law Trouble

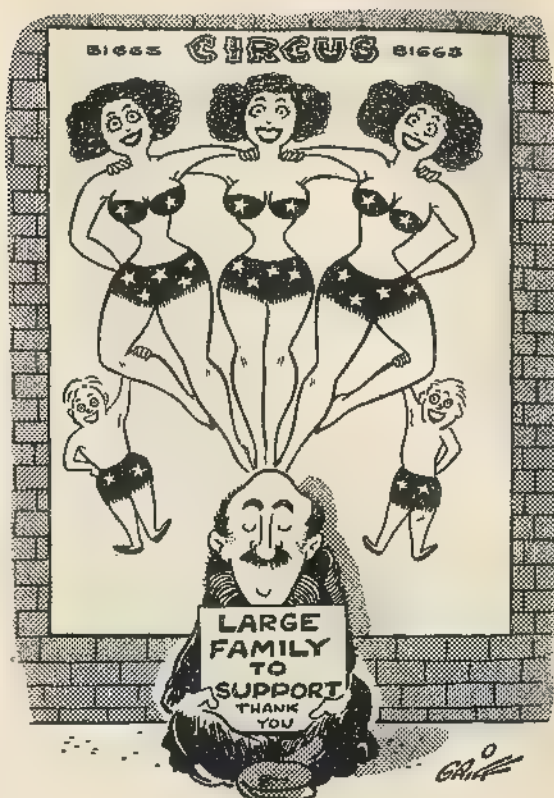
By KENNETH HAYES

I MET SUSIE AT THE Plaza. She was wearing a flared skirt, a low-neck silky blouse and a bolero affair that made her look as if she owned the place. The other girls hadn't a chance with Susie around, nor the chaps for that matter. The bloke who thought up refrigeration must have had Susie in mind when he did it. She had a look in her eyes that went through you like the North wind and made you feel as cold as charity. But 'Anti-freeze' isn't my middle name for nothing. By the end of the evening Susie had thawed out and a very pleasant friendship was under way.

I won't deny that our courtship was swift. With Susie I didn't heed speed warnings in built-up areas! By the end of the month I'd gone overboard with a large splash and Susie wasn't slow in slinging the life-belt. That's the way it is. Some girls you kiss goodnight on a Saturday after the dance at the Plaza and you don't give them another thought. With Susie it was different. You woke up on Sunday morning and the lipstick stains on your handkerchief sent you haywire with memories of the night before. I grabbed the life-belt and Susie and I started planning a wedding in which we intended featuring as the main characters.

All went swimmingly. We fixed the honeymoon location, we agreed on the invitations, we named the day. Then Susie named her mother. She said that "meeting each other's folks" was a formality we couldn't ignore and arrangements were made for me to visit chez-Susie on the following Sunday.

There was just her mother to meet. She was a widow and Susie was her only daughter so the ordeal wasn't as terrifying as it could have



been. I put on my best finger-tip drape and my cheeriest tie and sallied forth, happy and confident.

Susie met me at the door, gave me a Dutch courage kiss that made me wish I were a permanent coward and led me in to meet her mother. Wearing my best smile, I entered the room. It wasn't hard to see where Susie got her looks and figure from. If this is Susie's mother, I thought, I'll willingly start a harem! But as I made my big entrance I realized also that Susie's frigidity was part of the inheritance as well. It was like shaking hands with an iceberg.

"Hallo, Mrs. Adams," I said winningly. "I suppose you've heard a lot about me."

"Enough," came a reply wrapped in snow flakes. "Sit down, won't you?"

It was more of an order than an offer. I parked my frame on the edge of the horsehair and fidgeted uncomfortably. The rehearsal I'd been through in my mind was a little different to this. Susie tried

to ginger things up a bit but it was as hopeless as wrestling with an octopus. I sweated through it, which was a physical marvel considering the atmosphere was below zero.

Susie and I argued for a week and in the end I delivered my ultimatum.

"See here, 'Susie. I'm coming round this evening and settle things once and for all. I've got a sneaking feeling your mother's opposed to our marriage but she must see sense. There's only one thing to do and that's ask her outright. If she consents, fair enough. If not, well, we'll have to make arrangements about that when we know."

I arrived at the house and discovered there'd been a good, old-fashioned mother and daughter ding-dong over little me. Mrs. Adams was silent and wouldn't speak to me and Susie was in tears, torn between loyalties. I stood at the door.

"I'm going out," I announced. "I'll wait on the porch for five minutes. If you want me you'll find me there."

I stood in the shadows of the porch, wondering and waiting. Then she was at my side.

"Susie!" I gasped and gave her a kiss that would have lasted any girl a lifetime.

"What about this marriage?" I asked, coming up for air.

"I'm ready when you are, dream boy," said Mrs. Adams from the shadows.

I often thought how Susie would be as a bride. I didn't realize I'd have such a good-looking step-daughter at my wedding!

Jones' wife, who was well known for her abilities at nagging was going away for the weekend.

"Can you remember what time my train leaves to-morrow?" she asked her husband.

"Certainly dear," replied the henpecked Jones, "your train leaves in exactly 18 hours, 11 minutes and 15 seconds from now."

The local florist was an ambitious sort of gentleman and as he approached the new customer he said — "So you want to say it with flowers, sir, how about three dozen roses?"

"Make it half a dozen," replied the customer, "I'm a man of few words."



Friendship Inn



~MINE HOST~
CLARENCE YOUNG
Your Fireside Friend
and
Philosopher

A REAL HEARTY WELCOME is extended to everyone at the Friendship Inn, situated on the Highway to Happiness. Clarence Young, your genial host, is always ready for a right good friendly chat around the old saloon bar log fire.

Draw up your chairs lads and lasses . . . Now, who will be the first to start us talking tonight? Ah . . . I believe Nellie is about to break the ice . . . Yes, here she goes . . . but wait a moment, we must first get acquainted, you and I, it is my duty as Landlord to know you all and to guide you, as a new friend of mine, on the Highway to Happiness. May you soon become a regular patron at the Friendship Inn.

In case you should have visions of a pompous, jovial, pot bellied host, I hasten to inform you that I am just a plain, pipe smoking, lanky bachelor, not yet middle aged. Quite an ordinary working man in fact, and being a keen student of psychology I am naturally intensely interested in people, their work and everyday problems. I have travelled in all parts of the world, I have had all kinds of jobs, from being a steelworks labourer to a theatrical variety artiste. 'Nuff said about me, let us now get on to the discussion that Nellie started that night in the old saloon bar.

Nellie quoted a recent newspaper article of that time and went on to say that thousands of men and women in this country are genuinely lonely. Needless to say Nellie had to take a back seat from then on, for I'm afraid I stole her limelight. It so happens that I too have experienced loneliness, I know what it feels like to be friendless, left out

of the party, to be considered dull, shy and self-conscious, always at a loss to find the right words to say in company.

I had to drag myself out of this self inflicted torture and believe me this was no easy task. At every opportunity I resolved to be a star attraction, at least some of the time, in company with others.

Most of us have some problem or worry, maybe it is only a trivial little thing, but sooner or later it becomes embedded on the mind to such an extent that consequently it tends to magnify itself into huge proportions. Loneliness often develops this way, and it must be stopped before it takes a stranglehold on the sub-conscious mind.

To those of us who are perfectly normal it seems unbelievable that in these modern days of progress there should be so many who suffer untold misery in silence, through lack of real friendship and human understanding. Yet it is true that even an occasional letter written in a friendly manner would give many a lonely person new heart.

Yes, even when all seems lost, there will always be friendship with me. I insist on a real friendly atmosphere at the Friendship Inn, and some of our politicians would do well to call and hear the lively discussions and honest words of wisdom that flow in eloquence at the fireside.

Maybe we could discuss your problems, your worries or your happiness around the Fireside at the Friendship. I promise that no real names or places will be disclosed. Why not be my friend? Write to me c/o the Publishers, and please enclose a S.A.E. for my reply.

"Oh! I say . . .

.. *

Readers are invited to submit their favourite 'tales' for insertion on this page, 10s. 6d. will be paid for each published contribution.

It was during some particularly tough training that the men in the parachute battalion went along to the officer with a complaint. "It's this new cook, sir," they explained, "he's trying to make us soft. Every time there's boiled barbed wire for dinner, he puts sugar in it."

Sent by—Mrs. J. Arnold, Tividale, Tipton, Staffs.

Twins had arrived in the Jones's family.

"Aren't you glad now," said Father, "that you prayed for a baby brother?"

"Oh yes," replied little Gwen, after another glance at the twins, "and aren't you glad Daddy, that I stopped when I did?"

Sent by—Miss Searl, Camberley, Surrey.

A vicar, visiting a young couple's home for the first time was very pleased to hear the lady of the house singing in soft tones, 'Nearer my God to Thee.' The vicar was very much impressed and he commented on this fact to his hostess as they were sitting down to tea.

"Oh," was the reply, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and six for hard."

Sent by—J. A. Couse, Higher Heysham, Morecambe, Lancs.

The Manchester 'bus had just pulled up and the conductor, looking across the road, happened to notice a man awaiting a 'bus going the other way. The gentleman was apparently a musician and he was holding a harp with one hand. Strange to relate however, in his other hand, he held a new garden spade.

"Oy, Bill!" bawled the conduc-



"It's scandalous, Fred, sheets 2d. a pair!"

tor to a news vendor standing nearby, "That chap has backed himself both ways!"

Sent by—H. C. Housden, Grange-mouth, Stirlingshire.

The young school teacher was not very successful at keeping her class in order, or very popular with the pupils. One morning however, she came into the room and found her class strangely peaceful. All the children were sitting still at their desks, with arms properly folded. The teacher just couldn't believe it. Her jaw dropped in surprise as she demanded—"What on earth has happened to you all?"

A small hand went up in the front row. "Well, teacher, it's like this," said a little boy timidly, "you told us once that if you ever came into this room, and found us quiet—you'd drop down dead!"

Sent by—Eric Gardner, Peterborough, Northants.



"Well, thanks again until you bring my next cheque—I'm coming up on the treble chance and the four aways next week!"

The exploration party in the wilds of Peru had reached a point that was several hundred miles from civilisation, and they were unfortunate enough to arrive in an area of dense jungle and hostile natives. It was during the usual mid-day rest that a member of the party noticed another, pacing up and down, with a worried look on his face. He stopped the gent in question, and asked him what was wrong. "Do you know?" replied the man seriously, "I keep thinking to-day is Monday."

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18, Upper North Street, Brighton.

The stern hatchet faced woman, burst into the office and demanded to see the boss.

"Is she good looking?" the boss asked the office boy.

"Oh yes, sir, she's very beautiful."

"Then by all means show the lady in."

A few minutes after the woman's departure, the boss sent for the office boy.

"You're a nice judge of beauty," said the boss irritably.

"I thought she might be your wife, sir," the lad apologised.

"She was!" snapped the boss.

"Why on earth are you rolling the dust bin around?" asked Mother.

"Only to amuse little Doris," replied Willie.

"Well, where is Doris?"

"She's in the dust bin."

Black mailed

By FRANCIS STOREY

DOCTOR MCKINLEY STARED at his visitor curiously.

"I have always regarded a black-mailer with contempt," he said. "Indeed I have often thought of all creatures needing extermination, they as a class should take precedence.

"Now don't let's become too technical and use harsh words we don't mean, doctor." His visitor smiled ingratiatingly, "Shall we say you're making me a very substantial loan; sounds better that way, somehow."

Doctor McKinley pursed his lips, and stroking his chin thoughtfully, surveyed the other with interest. He saw a thin, dark man without, as they say, any outstanding distinguishing marks, dressed soberly, neatly brushed hair, a large white forehead, some quite good teeth, and all in all, a person who might very easily have been taken for a business man, or a retired professional. He was, the doctor estimated, about sixty-five. He didn't, thought the doctor, look the type of person one would have normally associated with an affair of this nature, except for the smile... the smile, mused McKinley, was surely the most horrible thing about him.

"What about it then, doctor, are you agreeable?" The man sat back and crossed one elegantly pressed trouser leg. "Take your time, I've all the day to wait... no one to worry about me... no one to care." He chuckled. "No pretty wife to go back home to..." he smiled. "Come on, doctor, don't tell me a man like you has nerves."

Doctor McKinley frowned.

"To come to the point. You are asking me for three thousand pounds, in return for which I shall receive a letter, a letter which you indicate was written by me. Oh, I know," he held up his hand... "I know you have the letter, and it



"But all the other captains usually settle the question with a coin!"

would be foolish of me to deny having written it." He studied the desk carefully. "I've made a mistake, and perhaps this will interest you... I'm prepared to pay for it."

The man smiled again.

"You make sense," he said, "as our American friends so aptly put it, and you're doing the right thing, believe me. After all, three thousand pounds, what's that to you?"

Doctor McKinley studied the desk again.

"How do I know you'll give me the letter?"

His visitor uncrossed his legs, and leant forward.

"Hand over the money, and I'll give it you all right. You see a man has to be careful. The letter's in a small attache case at the station left luggage office. I took the precaution of addressing the envelope to the nearest police station, so that



if by any chance I didn't turn up, well, sooner or later the station authorities will open the case."

Doctor McKinley looked at his visitor with renewed interest.

"You mean you've actually left the letter in this case of yours at the station?"

"You've got it, doc., that's it exactly . . . you see, as I said before, a man has to be careful. . . . especially with a man like you."

A heavy suspense filled the room, the doctor watched a fly crawling up the window, and he moved uneasily.

"All right, I'll give you what you ask, but I want you to understand this, I intend to come with you to the station, just so that there shall be no mistake." His eyes gleamed for a second. "I'm not a man to fool around with, please understand that."

The other nodded. "We understand one another perfectly."

The drive down to the bank occupied but a few minutes. The bank manager expressed some surprise at

so large an amount being withdrawn, but Doctor McKinley was in no mood for discussion or enquiries as to what he did with his own money. "I want it," he said, brusquely. "Please get it at once."

The station looked gloomy, cold and uninviting as both men walked towards the left luggage office. The small attache case was soon handed over, but not before the money had changed hands.

Doctor McKinley watched the man go. It had been agreed before hand that in order to facilitate matters, the latter should borrow the doctor's car.

"I wouldn't want you to get ideas, doc., such as calling a policeman or anything like that, so I'll take the ignition keys if you don't mind." The doctor had not argued with him. He watched the car being driven out of the station yard, and he smiled crookedly as he observed the tail light gleam red for a second and then disappear.

He'd been specially careful not to use the foot brake on the way down to the station. A little fancy work under the car just before he'd driven the car out of the garage with a pair of cutters had worked wonders.

With a smile he stepped jauntily out of the station, opened the case, removed the letter, stuffed it into his pocket, and pitched the case away.

His car had not gone very far. It was lying on its side, a leaping mass of flame.

"Went straight into a bus," said a man standing near by, "poor devil, he hadn't an earthly."

"Is he dead?" Doctor McKinley enquired mildly.

"Dead? I should think so—wouldn't you be in that?"

Doctor McKinley, staring at the raging inferno of what once had been his car, agreed soberly that had he been, such would have undoubtedly been so.

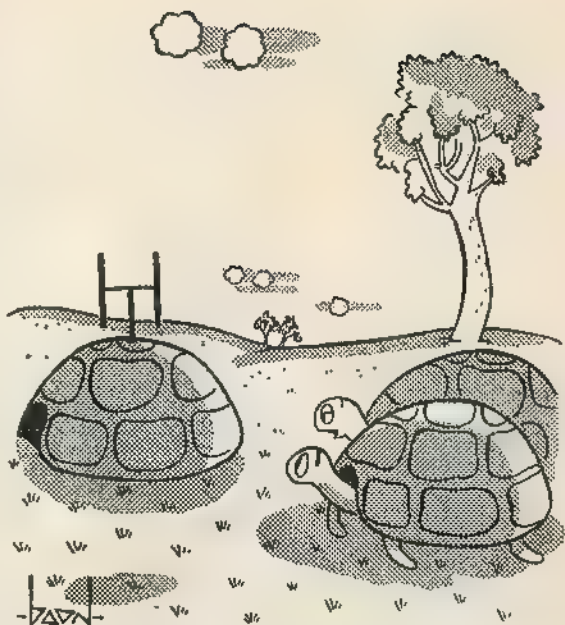
He was not as late as he'd

imagined, and with alacrity sped up the steps of the hospital and walking quickly down the corridor, entered his room. The white and green distemper walls looked to him almost comforting, and he whistled cheerfully as he opened the inner door to the small office. His secretary glanced up and smiled at him.

"Good afternoon, doctor." She moved towards the door. "There's an appointment for you at three-thirty, and Sister Wilson is waiting for you on Number 4 Ward. She told me to tell you she wanted to see you immediately."

"Oh, yes." He watched her go, threw off his coat, removed the letter, and stood with it in his hand, then he moved over to the small fireplace. The sudden knock at the door startled him, and hastily he thrust the letter among a few others lying on the desk. It was Sister Wilson, a tall, angular Scots woman.

"I'm sorry to have to come down for you, doctor, but the matter is of the utmost urgency, and I'm rather



"You never see anything of her these days."

distressed about this case."

"Quite so, Sister, you did quite right to come down for me." He picked up his white coat, climbed into it, and followed her out of the room.

It was exactly three-twenty when he returned. His secretary glanced up, removed a sheet of paper out of the typewriter, and looked at her watch.

"Your next appointment is at three-thirty, doctor."

"Oh, yes, you told me that before, Miss Lister." He rummaged among the things on his desk.

"Did you see a letter here?" he glanced at her sharply. "I put it here, just before I went out."

She stopped typing and looked at him.

"A letter, now let me see.... oh yes," a smile crossed her thin face... "as a matter of fact there was one. I remember it distinctly because you had forgotten to put a stamp on it, and placed it in the 'out' tray. I banged a stamp on it, and posted the whole bunch about fifteen minutes ago!"



"Tell him to speak louder—I can't hear a word he's saying."



"Somebody at the door, Marie—see who it is!"

Then there was the girl who left her escort and went into the cloak-room to repair her face. Whilst she was there she met several friends whom she had not seen for some considerable time and naturally they started gossiping. The time went on . . . and on . . . and on. About an hour later an attendant handed her a note. It was from the very weary escort, waiting outside, and it read—"I can't possibly understand why you haven't written."

You have all met 'em. This one was fat and over forty but she was still kittenish. The young man whom she had cornered at the local bun fight was thinking very hard for some excuse to escape. At long last he murmured—"Do you remember the little boy who used to tickle you under the chin at school?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, gushing all over, "so that's who you are?"

"Oh no," replied the young man blandly, "that was my father."

The ragged urchin met two other small boys from the local college. One of the college boys turned to the other and asked: "Tommy, where did your father buy you from?"

The other college boy replied—"My Pa bought me from a pear tree. Where did your father buy you from?"

"Well, my father bought me from an apple tree."

Scornfully both college boys turned to the ragged urchin and said: "Now we wonder where your father could have bought you from?"

The ragged urchin, with a catch in his voice, said: "My dad is a very poor man. He has to make everything himself."



"I don't think they heard us; tap the window a little harder!"



"Mornin' gents, what'll it be?"

"A room? Certainly, sir!" said the hotel receptionist, "just sign the register please."

The receptionist immediately changed his tune, however, after seeing the name of the prospective guest and said very quickly—"I'm sorry sir, I'm afraid I've made a mistake, we haven't a room left in the hotel."

The prospective guest immediately started an argument and finally asked to see the manager. When that worthy had arrived on the scene and taken note of the prospective guest's name, he explained that owing to the guest's conduct at other hotels, he must refuse the gentleman's application for a room.

"But what have I done?" asked the prospective guest.

"According to our information," replied the manager, "you have a long record of nasty habits, including that of spanking the page boys and I'm afraid I can't afford to have

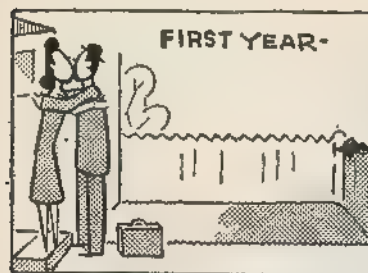
disturbances of that kind in this hotel."

The prospective guest pleaded with the manager and finally the manager allowed him to stay after receiving an assurance that the guest was going to turn over a new leaf.

Finally the guest was shown to his room by a young page boy. Almost immediately, yells resounded through the hotel, originating from the new guest's room. The manager immediately rushed up to the room and threw open the door, witnessing the new guest spanking away at the young page's rear quarters.

"Stop, sir! Stop!" cried the manager, "You assured me that you were turning over a new leaf and now I find you like this."

The guest stopped spanking for an instant and replied—"I am turning over a new leaf, sir, but not until I have finished the bottom of this page!"



"By-bye, Honeybunch, must rush! See you to-night, Sweet!"

"Oops! Almost forgot, dear—may be late to-night—don't wait up for me!"

"Why the H— must you always be cleaning the ruddy step just when I'm off to work?"

A Surgical Error

By ROBIN SCRIBO

SERGEANT JAMES, C.I.D., knew he had done a good job in tracking down the murderer of the ruffian, Black-mail Joe. It had needed a lot of weary research, and he had been lucky enough to pick up the smallest of clues, the only one left apparently by the careful Dr. Mallet.

It had been a shock, finding that an eminent surgeon had finished a waster like Joe. But the world, and especially in the sergeant's job, is full of surprises.

Even then Sergeant James was not happy about what he had to do. Admittedly the arrest would add greatly to his reputation when it was reported in the press; but he could not help reflecting that the world was better off rid of Joe, and that the doctor had had plenty of provocation.

In addition, Dr. Mallet was almost indispensable in his branch of surgery, and many people would miss the healing effects of his professional skill.

When the sergeant arrived at the hospital he was an uneasy man, and he could not help thinking that the lives of many people might in the future depend on the step he was taking.

But of course there was no question of him failing in his duty.

A nurse, who led him into a small waiting room, said, "The doctor is doing an emergency operation, and I think there is every hope of success. Especially with such a clever surgeon as Dr. Mallet to do it," she added, smiling brightly.

"I hope so," the sergeant agreed seriously, hating the job he was about to do more than ever. What if such another operation was needed in the next few hours and he had taken the doctor away?

The time dragged as he waited, imagining the scene occurring very close to him. But eventually he saw the door opening, and a small, brisk man introduced himself as Dr. Mallet.

Sergeant James found it harder to say what he had come about, now that the moment had arrived. For once in his hard-boiled career he stammered, avoiding the issue.

"Is he—is he alright?" he asked with apparent anxiety. "Will he pull through?"

Dr. Mallet smiled reassuringly. "I was a bit surprised when they said you'd got here—I didn't think they would have had time to contact you."

"Yes," he concluded smiling, "your son will get better. But we were only just in time . . ."

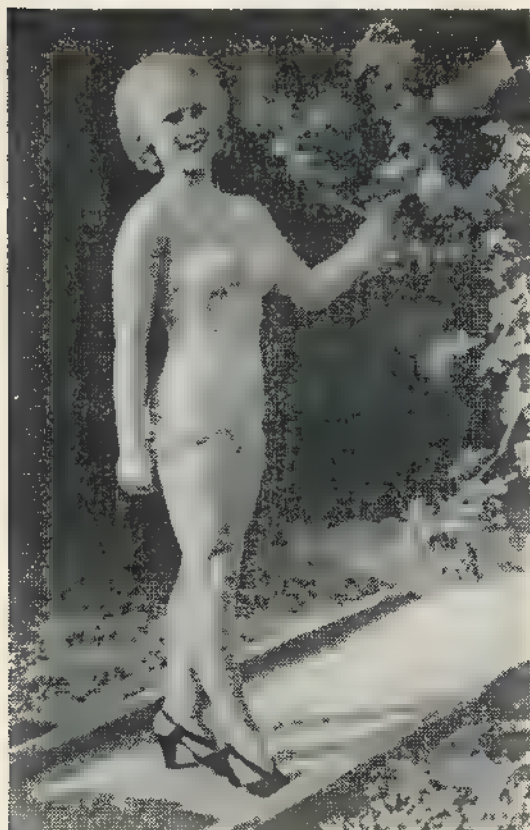
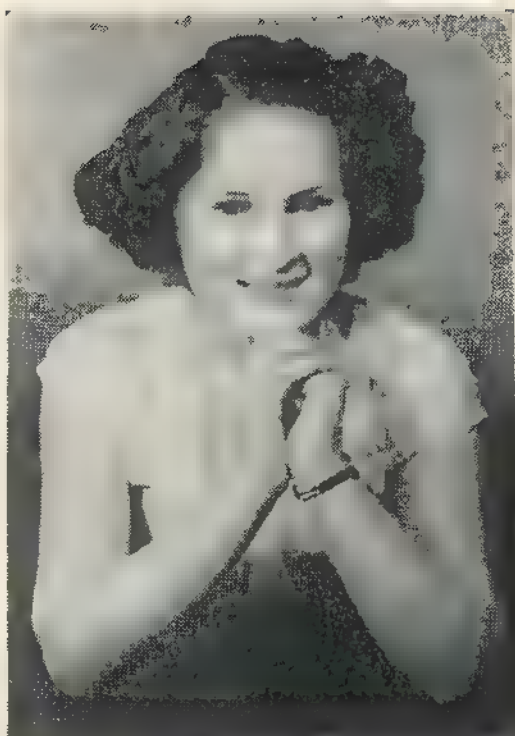
Women like the strong silent man—they like to think he's listening.

Photo Competition

Results

MISS ZENA LAWTON, of WEST AYTON, SCARBOROUGH, Yorks., wins a prize of £1 ls. for the photograph on the right.

We invite our female readers to submit photographs for publication on this page. All you have to do is to submit a photograph of yourself, either an outdoor snap or a studio portrait, and enclose the same with completed entry form below, and post to Jasmit Publications, Photo Competition, Imperial Chambers, Grimshaw Street, Burnley, Lancs.



A further £1 ls. prize goes to MISS AUDREY KING, of FLEETWOOD, Lancs.

No photographs can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the entry.

The next set of photographs will be published in "You've Had It" No. 35, which is due for publication in May.

Come on, Girls—Here's a chance to put some extra cash into your purse.

There is no limit to the number of photographs you can submit. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain, so come on, send in those snaps *now*.

ENTRY FORM

I certify that this is an original photograph of myself and the photograph has not previously been published in any form.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

How's this for a tall story—

Pilkington was talking to some of his friends about a fishing trip he was contemplating.

"Are there many trout in the stream up there?" asked one of his friends

"Trout? Millions of them," replied Pilkington enthusiastically.

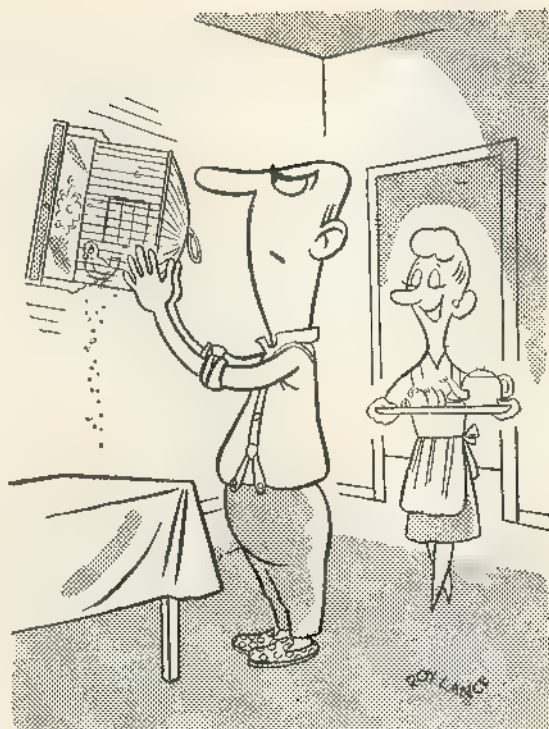
"Do they bite easily?"

"Do they bite?" said Pilkington, "Why man, they're absolutely vicious. Every man has to hide behind a tree in order to bait his hook!"

A psychiatrist was examining his jittery patient who claimed that he saw ghosts of all his departed relatives. These ghosts, he said, were perched on the tops of fence posts around his garden when dusk fell.

"They just sit there, watching, watching, watching! Whatever can I do?" yelled the wild eyed man.

"That's easy," replied the psychiatrist, "just sharpen the tops of the posts."



"Did I use your sports page again, dear?"

A certain racing tipster who was noted for his losing selections, was knocked down by a car and sustained injuries which later proved fatal. Two of his pals had the unenviable task of identifying the corpse. Upon being ushered into the morgue they approached the first slab, the remains of their pal were not there. They approached the second slab and the third, with the same result. Arriving at the fourth slab, they found their pal's body.

"Poor old Joe," said one to the other, "in death as in life, never in the first three."

MALE Reading . . .

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"We didn't want to disappoint you—and the doctor says its only slightly infectious..."

The Brown family had overslept. Mrs. Brown was awakened by the clanging of the dust bins and suddenly realised that she hadn't put the garbage out for collection. She ran to the door, at the same time struggling with her bath robe and trying to get her eyes open so that she could see through her mass of uncombed hair.

"Yoo hoo," she called out, "Am I too late for the garbage?"

"Why no, Missus," replied the dustman, "jump right in."

"You know, old man," remarked Thomas, "that fellow's far too smart for me."

"How do you mean?" asked Green, "What has he done?"

"He sold me a plot of land that was three feet under water."

"Well, didn't you go round and demand your money back?" asked Green

"Of course I did," replied Thomas, "but instead of getting my money back, the fellow sold me a motor boat."



Fred's mother-in-law had written to say that she was coming to live with them. As she approached, the mother-in-law, who was a woman of very large proportions, saw a huge crowd gathered around the garden of the house. Pushing her way to the front, she blinked in consternation at the great damage that an over-night fire had done. The house was just a heap of bricks and charred furniture.

"Dear me," gasped mother-in-law, her face livid, "I knew he didn't like me, but I didn't think he'd go as far as that."

The wedding presents were on view for all to see. Displayed in a prominent position was a cheque for £5,000—a gift from the bride's father.

"I say, who the dickens is that chap, laughing at your father's cheque?" exclaimed the bridegroom, very much annoyed.

"Oh," answered the bride, "that's only daddy's bank manager."



"Really dear, you MUST remember to get some plates, we are spoiling the tablecloths!"



A Matter of Principle

By WILLIAM BALLINGER

IT WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK to me! I stood there in the garden for a long time, trying to collect my scattered senses. That Lily should do this to me! I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes. I peered through the curtains again.

No, my eyes hadn't deceived me. There in the sitting room, where we had shared so much together, stood Lily, with her arms around another man. All her promises and vows thrown to the winds, she was kissing him as though I didn't exist.

I'd caught sight of the two figures through a chink in the curtains as I'd walked confidently and expectantly up the garden path. My job took me away now and again, and I'd just finished a week's business

up North. I'd come back a day earlier than I'd expected, without informing Lily. I'd thought it would be a nice surprise for her if I walked in unexpectedly. Now the surprise was on me.

In my rage at her unfaithfulness it took me a few minutes to realise that I would be conspicuous to anyone passing, standing there in front of the window. I tore my gaze away from the embracing couple in the room and began to think of the best course of action.

After a while I decided against bursting in and making a scene. I'd always had a horror of them: they were so undignified. If I waited until he had gone I could walk straight in and judge her reaction. Later, without letting her know how much I had seen through the window, I could tax her with her unfaithfulness.

It must have been a good half hour before he left. I watched him walk away down the avenue, and then impatiently I hurried across from the other side of the road, where hidden by the shadows I'd been watching the house, opened the gate and stormed up the path.

She was surprised to see me and she couldn't hide it. She must have known I'd seen him go. She tried to cover up by feigning welcome and throwing her arms around my neck.

"Darling! I wasn't expecting you tonight."

"Obviously," I replied, coldly.

I brushed her arms away and taxed her with what I had seen through the window. Her reaction

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"Go and get us some more ammof!"

was typical of a woman.

"Of all the nerve! Spying on me!"

I stood there, horrified, as she actually went on to attempt to justify her disgraceful behaviour.

I tried to keep the disgust out of my voice as I spoke.

"It's the principle of the thing," I complained. "Don't these five years mean anything to you at all?"

"But, George," she said, "of course they do. But you're not being reasonable."

"Reasonable!" I scoffed. "You were actually kissing him."

"But, George, after all, I have known Philip a long time. And you must admit..."

I didn't let her finish. This was the last straw! I tried to keep my voice dignified as I looked disdainfully at her.

"Very well. If that is your attitude, there's no point in going on."

"You mean..." she began.

"Yes. A man has some dignity. If this is the kind of thing that happens when I'm not here, then..."

"Then...?" she queried.

I poured the words out in a torrent of scorn.

"... then I refuse to play second fiddle. You can have your husband."

Then there was the hairdresser who asked—"Shall I give you a shampoo, sir?" and got the following reply from Johnny Nitwit—"No, no, I can well afford the best, give me a genuine-poo or nothing."

When the Scotsman and the Jew started a local 'bus service, they both turned up the first morning dressed as conductors.

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Bumper Spring Number

96 Pages — 1/- — from all News-agents and Booksellers—in case of difficulty copies may be obtained direct from the publisher's — JASMIT PUBLICATIONS, Imperial Chambers, Grimshaw St., Burnley. Please enclose P.O. for 1/3 to cover cost and postage.

"Do you happen to know where Paddy McGinty lives?" a visitor to an Irish village asked.

"No, I'm afraid I have never heard of him," one of the villagers replied, "but if you ask at the Post Office, somebody will tell you."

Two hours passed, then the visitor met the same villager again.

"I'm afraid I can't find him," the visitor explained.

"Well, that's very queer," the villager mused, "has this fellow a nickname of any sort?"

"Well, I believe he's called 'Porky Pad'," replied the visitor, laughing.

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place," the villager replied, "that's me!"

The average husband appears to be an entirely different person when he's paying attention to another man's wife.

"My Dear Susie,

I cannot possibly express how much I regret having broken off our engagement. More than ever, I realise now that we need each other. Will you please forgive me? Life without you is empty and has no possible meaning. Your absence has left a space which no one else can fill.—Your faithful lover, Bill.

P.S.—By the way, please accept my congratulations on winning the football pool."

Then there was the fellow who was so dim that he ran around his allotment firing a pistol in order to give his runners a start.

"I'd never have been caught but for my cold, Your Honour, it was through my coughin' they nailed me."

Then there was the lady who said she was approaching thirty years of age. She omitted to add however, from which direction,

The chappie from Lancashire, somewhat elated, made his way carefully down to the Ferry Landing Stage at the Liverpool docks. With thoughts of his lonely bride at home, and a bottle of beer in the cupboard, he was a little dismayed to see the ferry boat some fifteen feet from the landing. Like a streak of lightning he made a fast take off and with a magnificent jump, landed on the deck of the boat like a bird.

"Good grief," he muttered, "I just made it."

"Whatever is the hurry, mate?" asked a passenger, "why didn't you wait? We're just coming in."

"Did you ever hear the story of the red hot cinder?"

"No."

"Well, it doesn't matter, you couldn't grasp it."

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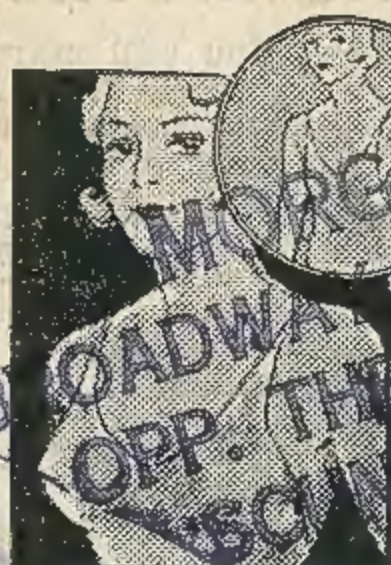
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